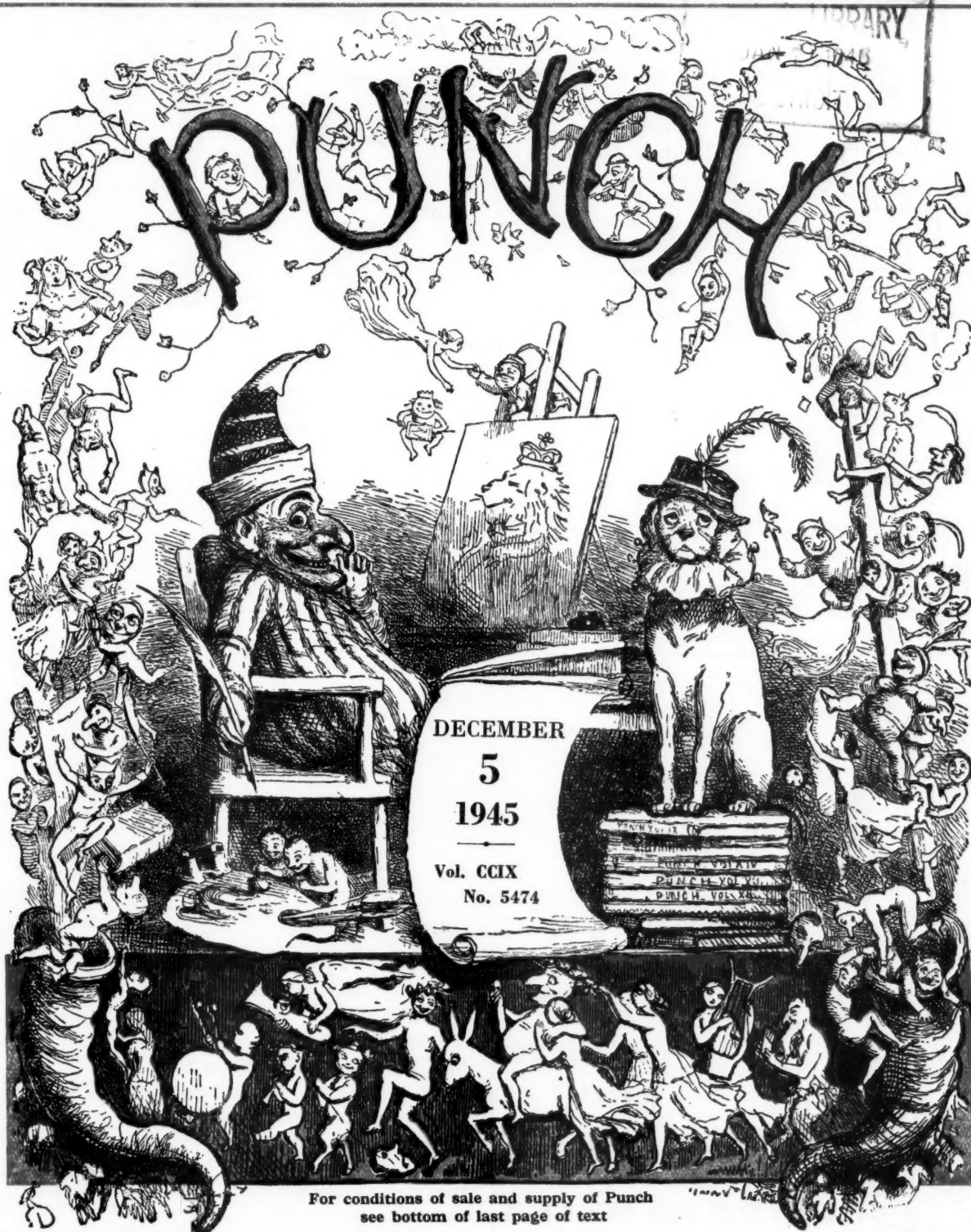


**CADBURY** *means Quality*



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L<sup>TD</sup>.**  
CORPORATION

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

*That a Child May Know  
Companionship*



How strange it will seem that once mothers, harassed by unending housework, had no time to spare for eager minds. In post-war homes kept clean and bright by H.M.V. labour-saving electric appliances mothers will find more leisure to enjoy the company of their children.

**H M V**  
ELECTRIC HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

ELECTRIC IRONS • ELECTRIC WASHERS • RADIANT FIRES  
ROOM HEATERS • HOT-PLATES • COOKERS • REFRIGERATORS

**All good shoes need a 'NUGGET' shine for extra smartness**

**In Black, Brown & Dark Brown SUPREME for QUALITY**

N/LS

**Out of the blue...**



**comes your new Goller!**



A thing has to be good when the Services use it; and British, Canadian and American Forces have been using Windak Gabardine for a great many Service articles. Now here it is for civilian wear in the new Windak "Goller," a simplified, idealised version of the official Government Airborne Smock. Cut longer than your usual golf blouse for extra protection and

with deep armholes for never-before freedom. Styled with clean front and roomy back. Comfortable when it's fine, comforting when it isn't, for the Windak is rain repellent and weather resistant.

In brilliant peacetime colours including green, scarlet, brown, maroon, royal blue and fawn. Price 10/3d. There's also a ladies' model at 7/6. Write for name of nearest stockist to the address below.

**WEAR A**

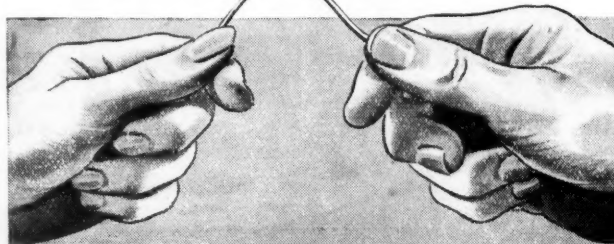


**FOR SPORTS  
AND ALL CASUAL WEAR**

Windak Ltd., Poynton, Cheshire

**WISHFUL**

**THINKING?**



**T**HERE may be some people who dismiss all talk of the early return of life's comforts and luxuries as mere wishful thinking. But for people like ourselves who make things, thinking ahead is necessary and there's no harm in honest wishfulness. So we have been thinking out new and better Morlands Glastonburys—smarter and more weather-resisting sheepskin-lined overshoes and boots; and slippers of unheard of cosiness and chic.

Ladies' Ankle Boot



**Glastonburys**

Sheepskin Slipper



**MORLANDS  
GLASTONBURYS**

By appointment to the late King George V



## Aperitif

A century or so ago, an Oliver Biscuit with the morning sherry was as customary as it is today. Although subject to zoning, these delicious Biscuits still retain their old-time popularity.

Fortts

ORIGINAL

**BATH  
OLIVER  
BISCUITS**



A Gor-ray skirt is as new as next week—always—just the thing for work or play—swings to your stride—hangs well and never 'seats'

In stock at the best shops everywhere—look for the label



WITH THE FAMOUS 'Zwov' POCKET AND NO PLACKET  
C. Stillitz, Royal Leamington Spa

P.6

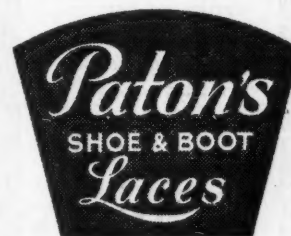
The easiest and most pleasant way of solving the hardy annual Christmas-present problem is to spend an enjoyable hour or two at Finnigans—the House of the Present.

Finnigans  
OF BOND STREET

LONDON • MANCHESTER • CAMBERLEY • TRURO



Of bad work there are no traces  
To be found in  
Paton's Laces.



From your retailer

P.4

WM. PATON LTD. • JOHNSTONE • SCOTLAND



**PORTRAIT FACE POWDER** is made for those whose skin requires a specially clinging powder. Blended in a range of shades for individual colourings, to suit various ensembles and, most particularly, to flatter the skin of varying age groups. For those who like a superfine Powder there is Dorothy Gray ELATION POWDER. Still, of course, in war-time pack.

Dorothy Gray is a Registered Trade Mark.



**OKunzle  
Quality  
CHOCOLATES**

Made by  
C. KUNZLE LTD., FIVE WAYS,  
BIRMINGHAM, 15



*We wish...*



We wish our many patient friends as happy a Christmas as import restrictions permit, and we hope that the cheer at future Christmases may once again be augmented with our well-known specialities in Sherries and Ports.

- ★ Harvey's Bristol Milk Sherry
- ★ Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry
- ★ Harvey's Shooting Sherry
- ★ Harvey's Merlot Sherry
- ★ Harvey's Hunting Port, etc., etc.

**John HARVEY**  
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD

**Bristol**  
FOUNDED 1796

*Wine Merchants to His Majesty The King*

## BEAR BRAND HONEY

*The Premier Brand*

Obtainable only on your Preserve Ration

THE BEAR HONEY CO. LTD.  
Branch of L. Garvin & Co. Ltd.  
ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

Don't forget your...

**Andy**

**GARDEN GLOVES**  
2/6 per pair, of Ironmongers and Stores or direct (post 3d.). One coupon per pair.  
**TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE**

## WARDONIA BLADES



**BETTER SHAVES**

I'm  
looking forward  
to more, and lovelier



**Aristoc**

... among the better things to come  
FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS



Is your skin getting dry?

THERE are many reasons why your skin may have lost some of its natural oil. It may be diet; working conditions, hard water, the wrong face soap or unsuitable cosmetics.

To meet this new problem, Coty have produced a new

Conditioning Cream. This cream replaces the natural oil in the skin and at the same time removes all accumulated impurities.

Its regular use will bring back the soft, smooth texture to your skin. Coty Conditioning Cream costs 8/9 (including tax) per jar.



HOW WILL IT WEAR?  
If the label says...

**Radiac**

... it means that you have bought a razor with a 'lasting' reputation.

Made by  
McIntyre, Hogg, Marsh & Co. Ltd.  
Shirt Manufacturers for 100 years

## Note these Facts

**RHEUMATISM** has one thing in common with Neuritis, Headache, Toothache, Sleeplessness, 'Flu and Colds:

its manifestations of pain are safely and speedily relieved by two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

The exact causes of Rheumatism have yet to be discovered by medical science, but it is known that salicylate therapy has a beneficial action on the disturbances of uric acid metabolism associated with certain types of Rheumatism: 'Genasprin', therefore, combats these conditions as well as giving sure and speedy relief from the pain that accompanies them.

Only an absolutely pure form of aspirin can be relied upon not to depress the heart or upset the digestion. 'Genasprin' is absolutely pure: it will not produce any harmful after-effects. You can get 'Genasprin' from any chemist at 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain 'GENASPRIN' sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

**COFFEE**  
and how to make it!



**Chase & Sanborn**

PURE COFFEE AT ITS BEST!

Send 1d. stamp for interesting booklet to Standard Brands Ltd., Dept N, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD

**BENSON and HEDGES**

Old Bond Street W

makers of fine cigarettes and smoking tobacco offer

**DUTY FREE**

to members of H. M. Navy (Ships in commission only) and H. M. Forces Overseas

**SUPER VIRGINIA** | **SPECIAL MIXTURE**

500 for 17/- | 1 lb for 8/-

1,000 for 32/- | 1 lb for 15/-

delivered free

Send full address with remittance to Benson and Hedges (Overseas) Limited, Dept. H.M.F. 15 Old Bond Street, W.1





THE pharmacist insists on accuracy. Take a "drop" of liquid for instance. The gravity-formed "drop" can vary in size, so he uses the "minim" measure shown here. This extreme accuracy is essential when measuring potent fluid medicaments, of which the prescribed dose may be only one or two minims. Long practice and skilled training make the pharmacist a stickler for accuracy—and for quality in the goods that he dispenses and recommends. The pharmacist's advice is always sound.

Ask his opinion of

## Euthymol

### TOOTH PASTE

#### The BOND ST. STAMP AUCTIONEERS

H. R. Harmer has pleasure in offering, December 10th and 11th, at 1.30 p.m., Very Fine Specialised Collections of ASCENSION AND ST. HELENA, by order of Lieut. F. D. Pattison, R.E., and other British Empire Postage Stamps. Catalogues 3d. each, post paid.

**H. R. HARMER** Philatelic Auctioneer, Expert and Valuer, 38-42, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. And at New York. Tel.: MAYfair 0218.



## KERFOOT'S

### MEDICINAL PASTILLES

based on the skill and experience of three generations

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.  
Vale of Bardsley · Lancashire



A NEW PARTY GAME FOR  
ANY NUMBER OF PLAYERS

by *Chad Valley*



Operated  
by an ordinary  
pack of cards, prices  
rise and fall as players  
buy and sell. Price **8/6**



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN

*The Chad Valley Co. Ltd.*

HARBORNE, BIRMINGHAM

M.W.44



## Christmas 1945

This Christmastide please think of the patients in The Royal Cancer Hospital, visited with a malignant disease that is among the most dreaded enemies of mankind, and send a gift, as much as you can afford, to the Secretary.

## The Royal Cancer Hospital

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3



You can call it a miracle—or you can call it 'Centimetric A.I.' It was one of the greatest achievements of Radar, and of G.E.C. For it consisted of fitting into the nose of a fast night-fighter a complete 'radio-location station.' Radiolocation on the ground, with its strange masts and weird equipment, was a wonderful feat. But to make all this in mid-air, lightweight 'flying' form was almost incredible. 'Centimetric

A.I.' was pioneered and produced by G.E.C. It was but one of the many Radar devices for which G.E.C. were responsible. All this experience will mean a lot to you when you buy your post-war G.E.C. radio and television set.

**G.E.C.** RADIO AND  
TELEVISION

ADVT. OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD., MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON W.C.2



## What pump for what job?

Normal development in the design and manufacture of pumps has been considerably quickened under the stimulus of the past 6 years. By 1946 standards, certain models, criteria of performance, and even methods have become obsolescent. If circumstances have kept you out of touch, explore the possibilities thoroughly before ordering any kind of pump whatever.

**HAYWARD-TYLER**  
**pumps**

LUTON · BEDFORDSHIRE



A hundred and fifty testing years confirm that Thomas Minton wrought better than he knew, when from his modest Pottery in 1793 he sent forth Minton China. Since then, generations of lovers of the fine and beautiful have 'blazed a trail' to Minton's door, making his name and artistry world-famous. . . . Through all those years has stood a Minton at the helm, guiding and guarding a great tradition, lengthening devotedly the shadow of a gifted, single-hearted man.

# MINTON

*The World's Most Beautiful China*

MINTONS LTD · STOKE-UPON-TRENT · EST. 1793



**Dare I  
say this  
to my  
husband?**

"NO WONDER you don't feel up to the mark. You come home after a hard day and go to bed on a supper that your digestion is just too tired to cope with. Your digestion should be resting, not working, while you sleep. From now on I'm going to give you a cup of Benger's. Benger's has a delicious flavour. It will soothe you, help you to digest your food and give you a good night's rest. You'll wake up feeling fresh and fit. Now do be sensible. You must look after your health . . ."

#### Why Benger's Food is so good for you

People don't realise that milk (plain or coloured!) is tough work for the digestion last thing at night. Active enzymes in Benger's Food break up these curds, partially pre-digest the milk so that you absorb the full nutriment of the milk without digestive strain. Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. At chemists and grocers, from 1/9 a tin.



**Household  
Milk and Tinned  
Evaporated  
Milk both make  
delicious  
Benger's. Try it!**

BENGER'S LTD., HOLMES CHAPEL, CHESHIRE

# Courtaulds

## RAYONS

for

*loveliness that lasts . . .*

IT may be some little time yet before dresses and lingerie made from Courtaulds rayons are back in the shops in pre-1939 abundance. All the same we would remind those who were buying in the days of plenty to pass on to their younger sisters the advantages of thinking in terms of serviceable loveliness, which the "Tested Quality" mark ensures.



## To start you stalking

You may track down just the Christmas present a man would like by popping into Austin Reed's. We have a Yuletide arrangement with the Board of Trade whereby you may purchase a handsome tie for one modest coupon, and a few shillings. If things are really desperate, a half-coupon releases one handkerchief. Who knows, there might be suitable presents which require no coupons! And remember, our Santa Claus never puts hide-in-the-drawer presents in men's Christmas socks. Such care is just part of the Austin Reed Service.



## AUSTIN REED

*of Regent Street*

London & Principal Cities · London Tel. Regent 6780



# PUNCH

or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5474

December 5 1945

## Charivaria

A NEWSPAPER heralds a new approach to peace. Cynics will sigh with relief; this is the milestone they came in at.

Breaking and entering has increased sharply in one London district. It is suggested that the situation will be somewhat eased when burglaries can be spread over more houses.



It is rumoured that the Government is going to nationalize the Black Market.

"Is the Manx cat the only animal without a tail?" asks a correspondent. Apparently not. Housewives, after years of intensive inquiry, are convinced that the ox comes into this category too.

Whew!

"As from Monday next the telephone service between Great Britain and France will be extended to include social calls. There will be no language restrictions."—*Liverpool Echo*.

A man was arrested as he was sitting in a train about to leave a London station. A regular passenger, however, complains that the chances of getting a seat by this method are infinitesimal.

A Surrey man celebrated his hundredth birthday by a party held on the day before the actual anniversary. His claim to be the oldest nonagenarian in the district was unchallenged.

Cases of Scotch whisky are shown in a current news-reel being loaded on to boats bound for America. The U.S., it is understood, recently urged this country to do its Christmas shipping early.



AA

"Most Dutch people," says a visitor from Holland, "can direct the way in English." It would be refreshing to meet some of them over here.

"For extra radiance, pat your newly-made-up face all over with a pad of cotton-wool and wring out in cold water."—*Women's paper*. If still dissatisfied, throw away.

"There are very few things the grey squirrel will not eat," we are warned. Many a suffering husband will now want one for a pet.

"Scissors are best for cutting the rinds off the bacon ration," says a "home note." The trick is, however, to throw away the larger piece.



Some comment was occasioned by the Russian referee who officiated from the sideline in Arsenal's match against the Dynamos. In this country the vast majority of referees voice their decisions from the stands.

A medical man suggests that it is better to sleep just before a meal than just after it. Waiters have known this for years.

"ELPHIN ROAD.  
PASTOR M. KINGDOM.  
11 a.m.: 'A Breath of Revival.'  
7 p.m.: TEN LAUNCESTON MEN ON  
THE ROAD TO HELL.  
Take the tram to the door."  
*Tasmanian paper*.  
Standing allowed?

A City traveller is searching for the person who extracted six valuable books from his suitcase and replaced them with half a dozen lumps of coal. Apparently he wants him to repeat the deal.



## The Planning of Loudon

(Died 1843. Recently commemorated in "The Times."  
A great gardener.)

**W**HEN LO! the Last Leaves fall without a fuss  
From *Platanus Acerifolius*  
And Loudon seeks to Build but does not Build  
Though all her Offices with Plans are filled,  
The Time has Come, I think, to pay Respects  
To one of our most Glorious Architects.  
Assist me, Muse! and fill my veins with Fire  
To sing the Unsung Saint of Lanarkshire.  
Be sure the Brazen Bells of London rang  
When Mr. Loudon came from Cambuslang,  
And Wren His Shade looked down at Nash and said  
"Behold yon hardy Caledonian head,  
We have our Days of Splendour, but this Scot  
Has Something, Master Nash, that we have Not."  
For he it was who Swept away the Pall  
Of Firs and Yews and Trees Funereal,  
And lighted up our Squares with Almond Bloom  
And made a Pleasance where was once a Tomb,  
Yet most of all his Monument remains  
In any Number of Deciduous Planes  
Whose Palmate Foliage, whose Piebald Barks  
Adorn our Suburbs and befringe our Parks,  
And neither Bomb nor Fire, nor Hands unknown  
That make or break our Brickwork and our Stone,  
But only Spring and Autumn raise and spoil  
The ceaseless Fruit of Mr. Loudon's toil.  
He died in Poverty! Yet who shall say  
His unrewarded Work has passed away,  
While some remains around me in a Heap  
Here on this Pathway as I stand and sweep?  
Tears blind my eyes, and out of them shall Grow  
This Epitaph for one that Laboured So:  
"He left us leaf. A leaf his name enshrines.  
His line was planes, and plain shall be his lines."

EVOR.

## Letter to My Boss

**M**Y DEAR BOSS,—I am sorry I am so late this morning. I am writing this letter at home to explain why I am so late and I hope you will forgive rather a hurried scrawl as I am anxious not to be later still if I can help it.

Of course I realize that I shall be at the office before this reaches you, but I am afraid that when I get there this afternoon you may have gone, in which case we shan't meet until to-morrow morning. So I thought it would be better for you to have a written explanation on your desk the first thing to-morrow. Then if I am late again you will know why I was late to-day, and I shall only have to-morrow's lateness to account for, if you see what I mean.

The point is that if I am late twice before you have had any explanation you may think I am being a bit off-hand, which is not the case, sir, as you will realize when you get this. Of course if I am in time to-morrow everything

will be quite straightforward and this letter will not be necessary in a way.

I cannot sleep so well, sir, until my sheets come back from the laundry, or rather I cannot begin to sleep for a longer time though when I am asleep the wool of my blankets seems to make me sleep sounder than usual. I lost ten minutes over this, sir, and another eight because the electric kettle I heat my shaving water in when the boiler isn't on because of the worry about whether the coke will last till March was being used to boil some water in a saucepan to keep the breakfast plates hot owing to the gas in the oven being right down to a flicker on one side and clean out bar a slight smell on the other row of jets. I mean of course that the water is boiled in the kettle and then poured into a saucepan and the plates put on top of that, to be sort of steamed. It is a good tip, sir, if your gas is down to a flicker on one side too.

By the time I had shaved the plates were cold again and the kettle had to be re-heated, so to-morrow morning I am to have the kettle first which will save a lot of time if only I can get used to waking up in blankets. We have rung the laundry and explained how awkward it is, sir, but got no reply.

I was in such a hurry this morning that I ate the baby's breakfast by mistake and got a pain owing to the unusual amount of bacon, which I ought to have noticed but didn't until she started to cry when given my portion. It is very onerous, sir, to blow up a bicycle tyre when you have a pain, and when I was half-way through blowing I gave up and decided to get to the station by bus instead. It is quite a walk to the main road where the buses go, as anyone here would gladly confirm, and when I got there I couldn't get across the road to the bus stop because a column of strikers were marching past. I hope they were not laundry-workers, sir, though there was nothing to show and it would account for there being no reply when we explained about my not being able to wake up in blankets, sir.

At any rate I got over the road at last but when a bus came the conductress would not let me get on although I explained quite politely that all that nonsense was over now and everybody stood all the time except that it wasn't allowed during the hours when nobody wanted to travel. I was now very worried and thought it best to give up trying to go by train and go by bus all the way if I could get an 81 on the other side of the road. One came almost at once, as luck would have it, but I couldn't get across to it because the strikers were marching back again by this time. Or so I thought at first but a lady told me they were people from the house agents with an order to view some house in Rodney Crescent. They got in my way, sir, whichever they were, and I couldn't get across in time.

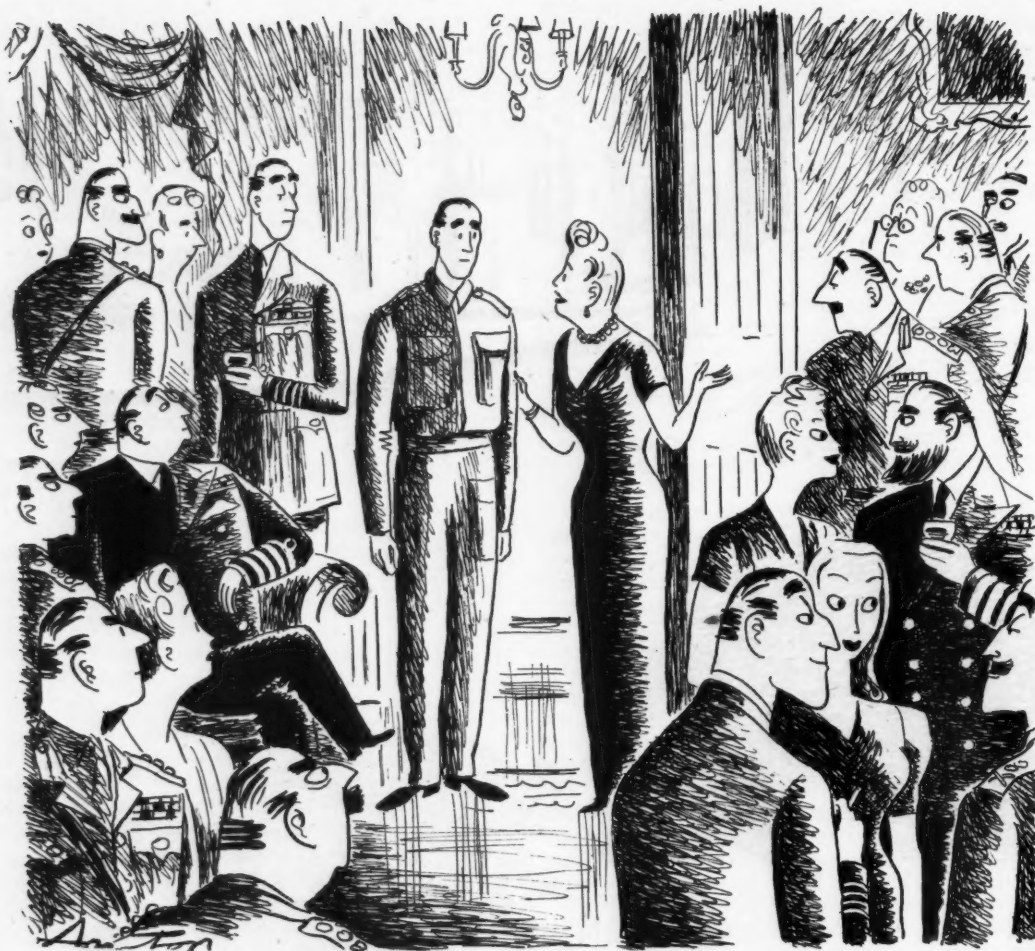
It seemed quite hopeless and as my pain was a little better I decided to get home as quickly as possible and cycle to the tram depot. The journey by tram is not convenient, sir, but I do not like to be late at the office if it can be avoided. I blew up my tyres without incident and might easily have been at my desk by half-past eleven, but in my hurry I did a stupid thing. I forgot to unscrew the pump before setting off and came a slight cropper by the front door, sir. My wife easily mended my trouser-leg but I could not mend the bicycle which has got warped in the back wheel owing to the pump jamming between the spokes and the part that goes down from the saddle to the hub. I cannot shift it, sir, do what I will.

As the circumstances are rather unusual I thought I would write you this short note before walking down to the bus-stop again, sir.

H. F. E.



THE CAT THAT WANTED TO BE ALONE



"I expect you know everybody here?"

## My Lifetime in Basic Industry

V—The Sportsmen of Scowle

THE mining villages are traditionally the nurseries of our greatest performers in the world of Association football. Scowle as I knew it some forty years ago was no exception. Yet Scowle's football was unique in many ways. For one thing the playing season was of an indeterminate length, varying according to the success of the team. If the opening matches were lost and the club had no chance of figuring in the struggle for the championship of the Mercian League a sudden halt would be called in the programme, all remaining fixtures would be scratched

and Saturday afternoons would be given up to whippet-racing or ratting.

This practice earned Scowle an unenviable sporting reputation and on the few occasions their womenfolk permitted them to play away from home the team had a very hostile reception.

It is often said jokingly of the Scots that they can recruit a new centre-forward merely by shouting for one down the shaft of any Lanarkshire colliery. That story is almost literally true of Scowle. More than once, as a boy, I have seen my father, the trainer-manager of the club, race to

the pit-head just before the kick-off and scrawl a message on a descending coal-tub:

"Left-back, centre-half, two inside-forwards and a linesman, immediately. Floreat Scowle."

—and inside five minutes the gaps in the eleven would be filled. The only position in the team that could not be filled in this way was the goalkeeper's. A player's risks as a moving target were serious enough; it was practically suicide to gamble with the demonstrative ire of the spectators of Scowle by standing relatively immobile between the goal-posts.



In 1901 Scowle A.F.C. enjoyed one of its most successful seasons. A fixture-list of twenty-eight matches was completed without a single defeat, and the team won the championship and the League cup. In a way there was an element of luck about both achievements, for several of the strongest visiting teams had to forfeit points for failing to appear at the Scowle ground. Cannock Rovers were particularly unfortunate, perhaps, for their loaded brake disappeared down a disused pit-shaft and was never recovered. My grandfather Ebby was greatly upset by the news of this disaster, for it was his route across the fells that the Cannock driver had been following.

I will now tell what I know of the famous and oft-discussed semi-final of that same season. Like all women in Scowle, my mother detested football and she did everything in her power to prevent my brother Caleb from playing in the match. On the Friday night it became obvious that she had seized and secreted his football boots, and the combined pleading of my father, Caleb and myself failed to soften her attitude.

In the still hours of Saturday morning, while my mother was still asleep, my father and my brother Caleb arose and by candlelight and in stockinged feet began to hunt for the missing boots. They had just completed their search of the parlour when my father stubbed his toe against one of old Ebby's gadgets for preventing draughts. He stifled a groan and listened. Upstairs, my mother was already moving. My father and Caleb blew out their candles and crouched low behind the harmonium.

My mother came downstairs in her clogs and nightdress. She collected the poker from the kitchen and ran into the parlour. Then holding her taper aloft she tiptoed to the old oak chest, lifted the lid, gasped at the disorder of the heirlooms within, ran to the front door and yelled for help. "Elp, 'elp, 'elp!" she screamed. "We'n bin robbed!" My father and my brother Caleb darted upstairs, held a brief consultation and darted down again.

The street was now fully awake and men were running to and fro swinging their pit-lamps and cursing. From the window of my room I saw my father rush out into the night. I saw the lights converge and form a circle about him. For a few moments there was silence. Then the group broke up and the men ran bellowing to our cottage. They swarmed in through the front door and soon filled every room with uproar and commotion. And as they

searched for the burglar they shouted to my mother who made frantic efforts to restrain them.

"Dinna tha fret, missus," they said, "we'n find th' divil if 'e be rightly 'ere."

In their excitement they looked into the oddest places—into drawers and boxes, under piles of linen, into saucepans and earthenware receptacles. And, at last, when they had made every room a shambles, the five o'clock hooter sounded and they trooped off to work at the Orange No. 2 Pit.

My brother Caleb played against Dudley Wanderers that afternoon; and he played in his own boots, which were handed to him by Jem Clewlow shortly before the kick-off. The strangest thing about this episode was that my mother never referred to the boots and Jem Clewlow would not divulge where he had found them or what they were wrapped in.

Saul Crabb and Ephraim Tellwright were less fortunate than my brother Caleb. During the morning shift a slight explosion occurred in the Dribben seam and several tons of roof caved in, cutting off five men, including the left-half and outside-right. A rescue party soon made contact with the trapped men and offered to start digging them out there and then. But Saul Crabb

and Ephraim Tellwright signalled that the match must go on, that they had enough oxygen to last for at least eight hours. Two comparatively raw recruits were drafted into the eleven to fill the vacancies.

We now come to the match itself. Dudley won the toss and kicked with the wind, grit and smoke from the "Disaster" end. They were a very fast team and inside ten minutes had obtained a lead of three goals. The spectators bided their time with complete confidence in Scowle's recuperative powers.

At half-time Dudley led by seven goals to nil and the referee, a man of considerable experience, was taken ill. Mr. Chalmers, the village constable, agreed to deputize for him.

The game continued to go badly for Scowle after the interval and with only twenty-five minutes left for play it became obvious that Dudley's losses—they now had only seven effective men—were not going to prove serious enough. I was standing near my father and Doctor Warburton at this critical moment. I saw them retreat from the touch-line and stand with their backs to the game in earnest conversation. I saw the doctor open his bag. Then they returned to their former stations but almost immediately my father ran on to the field to assist a fallen Dudley player. I saw him press the man's head between his knees and dab at his face repeatedly with the sponge.

My father was on the field for practically the whole of the next five minutes and whether they were injured or not the Dudley players received persistent attention from his sponge.

After this Scowle ran their opponents off their legs. Dudley seemed helpless. Their remaining men staggered and lurched round the field like drunkards while Scowle scored goal after goal. And when the final whistle blew the home team were victors by three clear goals. My brother Caleb scored a double hat-trick.

The Dudley club lodged a number of protests, some of them, like the one relating to my father's sponge, being quite ridiculous. The League committee very properly dismissed them all.

As soon as the match was over Doctor Warburton raced to the colliery with the rescue party. For hours on end he worked gallantly tending rescued and rescuers alike, and when one man wielded his pick carelessly he performed a delicate operation on the victim by the light of a single pit-lamp—and what was even more remarkable perhaps, without using chloroform.

HOD.



"By the way, Sir, my translation will probably contain one or more deliberate mistakes."

## At the Pictures

### GOOD NEWS FOR THE BOARD OF TRADE

Of four new British films this time, three are well worth seeing and two are in the top class. If only this could be normal!

My first reaction to *I Know Where I'm Going* (Directed, written and produced by MICHAEL POWELL and EMERIC PRESSBURGER) was very favourable indeed, which means a good deal, for I admit to being irritated as a rule by the self-consciously Scottish. But I believe there are sound reasons for everyone to like this film. It is well and intelligently written and played and full of beautiful photography, its characters include some entertaining oddities who are not merely factitiously peculiar (when it is observed in the film that one of them is "a bit odd" the reply is "Who isn't?") and I wish British film-makers were more often inclined to admit the justice of this attitude), and its background and detail have hardly been used before except in rather grey and earnest documentaries. The story is of a girl who has always been determined to do well for herself ("I know where I'm going") and discovers her on the point of marriage to a rich man. He has rented Kiloran, one of the Western Isles, and bad weather holds her up for day after day when she is on her way to meet him there for the wedding. The young Laird of Kiloran is delayed in the same place; she recognizes that her whole plan of life is endangered by his company and does her utmost to get away from him to the money and position on which she has always had her eye, but natural forces of one kind and another are too strong for her. WENDY HILLER and ROGER LIVESEY are good as the young people, and among the entertaining embroidery of small parts it was a remarkably happy thought to include Captain C. W. R. KNIGHT with his golden eagle and his esoteric enthusiasms.

I regretted the "curse" business, which is worked up into a sentimental-situation trick ending in the Hollywood convention; but otherwise the film is continuously fresh and interesting. I enjoyed it, and I recommend it.

More highly still do I recommend the new NOEL COWARD production, *Brief Encounter* (Director: DAVID LEAN), which I think is perfectly admirable in almost every way. It has the rare and outstanding quality of being adult throughout, adult in

She "didn't think such violent things could happen to ordinary people"; she has a sense of guilt at feeling so intensely, away from her husband (who is a good, considerate, pleasant man); and at the end, agreeing that "the furtiveness and lying outweigh the happiness we might have together," she allows the dangerous connection to be broken, hoping her misery will pass. The sad little story is beautifully done, with only a fraction too much emphasis on the "comic relief" (STANLEY HOLLOWAY, JOYCE CAREY) and much quite first-rate detail. Try not to miss *Brief Encounter*.

The third British film is *The Wicked Lady*, which I found rather dull and essentially juvenile in its determination to be "daring" about the naughty Restoration period. The fourth is *Latin Quarter* (Director: VERNON SEWELL), a good workmanlike unpretentious little picture the only questionable point about which is the out-and-out "unexplained" supernatural theme: if you are a militant disbeliever in spiritualism, that's too bad. The scene is a dust-covered studio in the Paris of 1893, complete with that sinister organ familiar to readers of the less inspired works of Edgar Wallace; the villain a flamboyant sculptor fatal (but fatal) to women, given to such remarks as "Paris offers cold comfort to penniless prudes." The story, punctuated by magnificently blood-curdling feminine screams, is told with a good deal of pictorial charm, particularly in the ballet scenes (modelled on Degas). A sound, honest piece of work, without tricks, capably done by a cast containing no big names.

Only the fact that few will get a chance to see it excuses so short a note on ANDRÉ MALRAUX's *Days of Hope*. This is the first Spanish-dialogue film to be shown here, and a very fine one. The scene is the Spain of 1937, the story one of those bridge-blowing episodes; but the film's strength is in its character and atmosphere. You get a strong, almost harsh impression of individual human beings in danger and trouble, instead of the usual commercial picture's bunch of attractive people skilfully parading their electric personalities. It is an experience worth having. R. M.



[I Know Where I'm Going]

### LAIRD OF ALL HE SURVEYS

Laird of Kiloran . . . . . ROGER LIVESEY  
Joan Webster . . . . . WENDY HILLER

theme as well as in treatment; and it has a most exquisitely sensitive and moving performance by CELIA JOHNSON as a provincial wife contentedly married until she casually meets a man, also contentedly married, with whom she falls passionately in love.



[Brief Encounter]

### RESPECTABILITY'S LAPSE

Laura . . . . . CELIA JOHNSON

*I do take my hat off to the Londoner: no blitz could break his spirit, no peril made him quail—tough, gay, self-reliant, never in the worst days of the war did he . . . but soft, here he is: let us—*



*follow him—*



*for a little while—*



*and see—*



*how he's—*



*getting—*



*on—*



*now—*



*that—*



*the—*



*danger's—*



*happily—*



*over.*





*"It's from John and Mary. They want us to spend X Day and X + 1 with them this year."*

### Bells

**T**O-DAY I think of bells. I can't say why.  
Frankly, I know of nothing to explain  
What starts one off, nor shall that occupy  
The mighty engine that I call my brain.  
You would suggest, no doubt, that some faint bell  
Stealing at eve from its sequestered plat  
Has done the trick, but, simple truth to tell,  
I'm a town-dweller. So it wasn't that.

Gone is the ringing hansom from our ways,  
A pleasing sound except at dead of night;  
Gone, too, Old Muffins who in childhood's days  
Came round on Thursdays to our young delight.  
Old Muffins, balancing his bilious ware  
Perched on his head with magical address,  
Sweet was that joy-bell in our quiet Square.  
Where is Old Muffins now? One can but guess.

I turn to comfortable sheep that browse  
And tinkle as from tuft to tuft they go,  
And, while I'm at it, I might throw in cows  
And maybe even pigs for all I know,

To wedding-bells that usher forth the bride  
Smiling upon the curious throng without  
And to the young man moving at her side  
Who coyly grins but feels an ass, no doubt.

But see yon indoor button. Ply the thumb.  
Once, in the pride of a Domestic Staff,  
Prompt to its message man or maid would come,  
But would they now? As rude men say, not half.  
Press as you will, there is no ear to heed,  
A change some mourn with breathings long and deep,  
Though others, philosophic in their need,  
Find life much simpler and a deal more cheap.

I could go on with this. I could e'en quote  
One Poe, whose tintinnabulating lay  
Ill-treated children had to learn by rote  
And strongly loathed in good Victoria's day.  
So, too, the bell for dinner. If one chose  
One could give that a pathos all its own—  
And would—but you'll excuse me—there she goes—  
Somebody wants me on the telephone. DUM-DUM.

### Rations

**M**OST of my readers, some time or other, will have thought back to the days before rationing and remembered that eggs used to be sold in boxes with cardboard divisions and greengrocers' assistants were jockeyed for rather than queued up to; and gone on to tell themselves that, however dimly it now comes to mind, shopping was much easier then than now. I mention all this to show my readers that I am not over-estimating them but am taking them to be ordinary people like everyone else; conscientious, fond of a good grumble (unless actually accused of grumbling, when they will perk up wonderfully) and chronically ill-adapted to carrying things home in the rain. It is such people who have made rationing what, to them, it is; something to be put up with because it is no good not.

Rations, as we all know, are obtained by means of ration-books; indeed, we might almost say that rations are caused by ration-books, because there is little doubt among the public, particularly among those who have left theirs at home, that were it not for ration-books we should not have any rations at all. Ration-books are usually buff (a brownish colour invented by the Government for things it cannot think of any other colour for) and have the owner's name and address in front, to prevent forgery and make things more interesting for fellow-shoppers, the person on the next bus-seat, and so on. They are issued once a year, so as to give people time to get their strength up to get the next one, and are obtained by waiting in food offices on rush-seated chairs, the public moving from chair to chair in agonized anxiety which psychologists say it first learnt at Christmas parties and should have got over by now. On the whole, it takes less time to get a new ration-book than most people think, simply because most people deliberately key themselves up to thinking it will take all day. Another feature of the public in food offices is the unwarranted eagerness with which other people give their name, address and other details when it comes to their turn, and, when it comes to our turn, the unwarranted eagerness with which it probably sounds as if we are giving ours.

The inside of a ration-book is so complicated that I shall not do more than mention the addressed postcard in the front—interesting because it will probably come to

nothing—and the bits which are the public's responsibility, the rest being left to the shopkeeper or ignored altogether. The public's first duty when it gets its new ration-book is to fill in its name, identity number and address on a lot of blank spaces. Even statisticians do not know exactly how many, but they say there are enough to give anyone filling them in the illusion of having done a good morning's work, and anyone filling anyone else's book in the illusion of being rather foolishly good-natured. When once the public has filled its name and address in everywhere, its responsibility is confined to its points and sweet-coupon pages; that is, it must work out how many it has left at any given time in the month and then ask the shopkeeper so as to make quite sure. (Psychologists say that the people who never have to ask the shopkeeper how many points they have left approximate to the people who never ask the porter if they are the right end of the train, and are therefore not worth a psychologist's consideration.)

Now for how we use our ration-books. The public has the choice of having its rations sent every week, and grumbling because they do not arrive until they do, or going and fetching them, and grumbling because it has to. But however much people grumble because they have to go out and buy their rations, it is a well-known fact that people actually buying them are cheerful to the point of arrogance; at least that is how it seems to the people waiting behind them. Sociologists have laid down that no one is more maddeningly human—that is, more like what we sometimes suspect we are like to others—than ration-buyers, and have even tabulated some of their more flagrant habits, such as gazing round the jam-shelves, changing their minds about not taking the margarine now, bagging the lamb chops we had marked down for ourselves and being sorry they have nothing less than a pound note. There is also a less frequent kind of ration-buyer which my readers have probably all stood behind; the kind that have unwittingly used up all their points and think that because Fate, or someone else in the household, has dealt them this blow they can put it right by repeating that they cannot understand it. There is about such people a fine invincibility which psychologists say could be put to better use.

Now for the actual rations. Rations can be, and indeed are, divided into butter, margarine, lard, cheese, bacon and so on, each with its own characteristics; the cheese packet tending to be triangular, the bacon packet limp, the margarine packet printed with small dark words and the butter packet with pale words—it says much for the public's assimilation of the rationing system that it no longer sees these words as anything more than shapes—and the lard tending to have a separate square of paper slapped on the end to complete the packing. The more closely observant of my readers will notice that I am describing one person's rations for one week, this being the norm, or the amount that which two people's rations together are so much bigger than. The public has never really got over the fact that more than one person's rations are so much more than one person's rations; it is something like feeling colder in cold weather, another fact whose sheer objective truth can never make it too obvious to talk about. But perhaps the most psychologically interesting aspect of the public in this connection is that class of people who cannot unwrap their meat ration without speculating on what the small damp parcel in the corner is. In a very few seconds they will have remembered that it will be the corned beef; but those few seconds illustrate rather nicely that quality of perpetual wonder which the better-natured psychologists say they would not do away with for anything.

I see that I have said nothing about that very important aspect of rationing known as losing the ration-books. When ration-books are not actually in play they have to be kept somewhere safe, in other words not lost, and this, to any student of human nature worth the name, is another way of saying that every now and then ration-books are lost, which in its turn is another way of saying that they are usually found after a lot of being looked for. Because a household's ration-books are kept by one person, it follows that they are lost by that person; and because it is better for the self-esteem to work steadily through the most cluttered house than to enlist co-operation by owning up and getting blamed before it may be necessary, it follows that ration-book losers are a lonely race. Indeed, psychologists say that no one better deserves that exquisite moment which comes only to losers turned finders; that sensation of having got something they still think they have not got, even though they know now that they have.

"On week-days, up to 12 people may stand between midnight and 10 a.m. and between 4.30 p.m. and 7 p.m., and five between 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and between 10.30 p.m. and midnight, but no standing between 7 p.m. and 10.30 p.m."

On Saturdays up to 12 may stand from midnight to 10 a.m., and from 12 noon to 2.30 p.m. Between 10 a.m. and noon, 2.30 and 5 p.m., and between 10.30 and midnight five may stand, but no standing is allowed between 5 p.m. and 10.30 p.m."

"News Chronicle."

Just bear that in mind.



"I'm in a bit of a quandary about his fare. You see he'll be fourteen to-day."



*"Pab! I was a Totalitarian Marxist at YOUR age."*

### *The House-Hunter*

I HAVE been looking at a hovel  
At the back o' behind;  
It was like something out of a Welsh novel  
Of the grimly realistic kind.  
It clung to a mountain-side sternly and sadly  
As a fly clings to the wall,  
It had a tin shed or two, and the roof leaked badly,  
And there was no road to it at all.

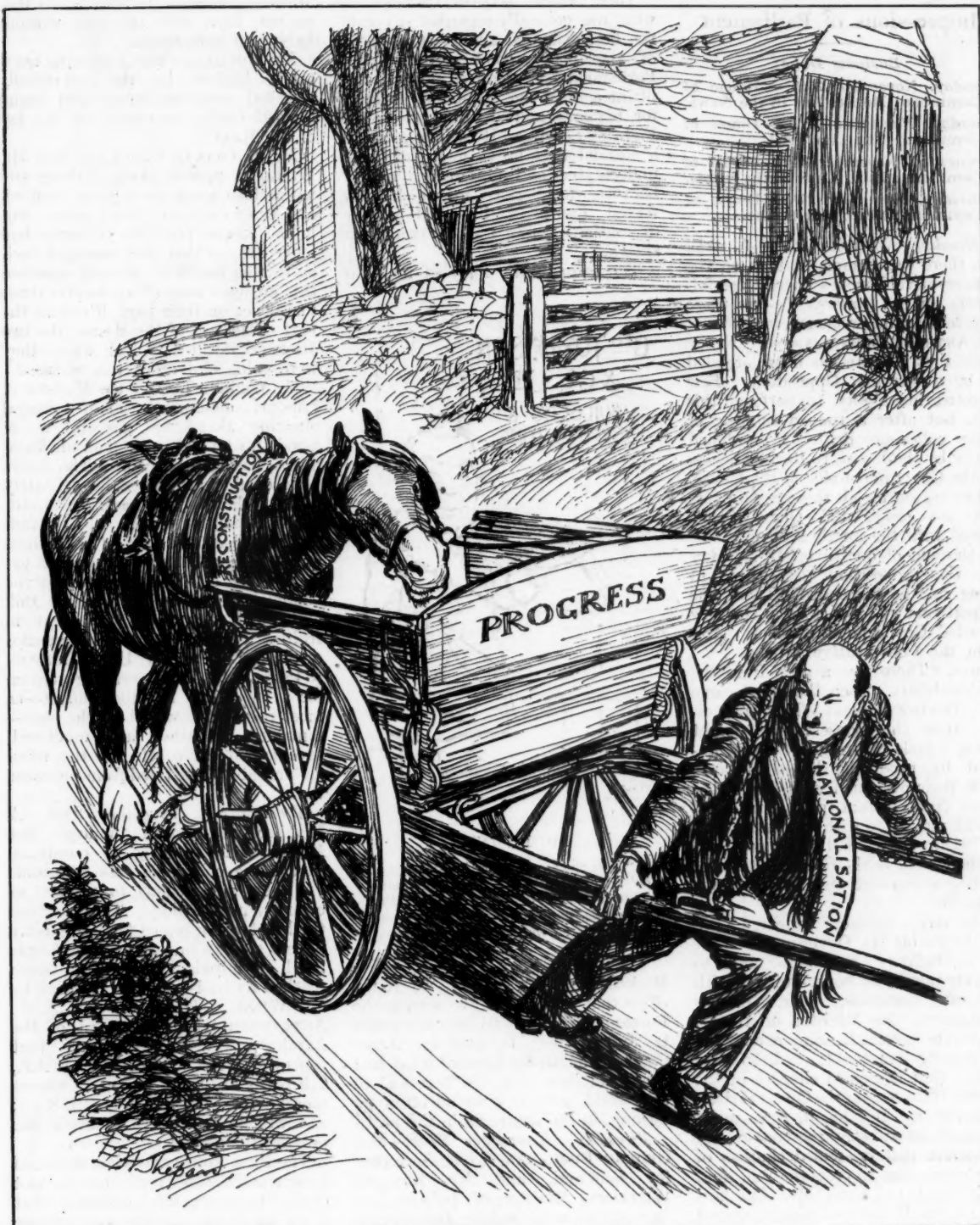
I have been looking at a pig-sty  
(Though they didn't call it so),  
It wasn't a very nice or a very big sty  
Even as sties go;  
Its walls were as wet as the inside of a cistern,  
I nearly broke my neck in the "grounds,"  
There was a rat-hole in the dining-room floor you could  
put your fist in,  
And the price was fifteen hundred pounds.

I have been looking at a shanty  
At the end of a long lane;  
There wasn't a bath, and anyway the water was scanty,  
It depended entirely on the rain;  
The chimneys smoked like the dickens when it was gusty,  
You couldn't swing the smallest size of cat;  
There was nowhere to keep the coals and the kitchen  
stove was rusty,  
And they wanted two thousand for that.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have looked at very many hovels,  
I have seen pig-sties galore;  
I have looked at them until my spirit grovels  
And my heart is sick and sore;  
I cannot find a decent roof to cover me,  
Be it large or be it small;  
I will sit down in the ditch with an umbrella over me  
And live nowhere at all.  
C. F. S.





### A TRANSPORT PROBLEM

"Some people say I've got things in the wrong order."

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Monday, November 26th.**—House of Commons: Houses Are in the News.

**Tuesday, November 27th.**—House of Commons: The Lap Trick.

**Wednesday, November 28th.**—House of Commons: Hard Cash is the Topic.

**Thursday, November 29th.**—House of Commons: Bows and Bonhomie.

**Monday, November 26th.**—A week ago there was complaint that on the Conservative benches there were followers but no leaders. To-day there were leaders but precious few followers. Mr. ANTHONY EDEN was so early on the scene that it looked as if he intended to be a one-man Opposition. Few doubted his ability to perform this feat, but after a time a number of Party colleagues drifted in, watched warily by the few score Back-benchers on the Government side of the House.

The reason for all this watchfulness was not clear, and Question-time passed with the puzzle still unsolved. At the end of questions Mr. Speaker put the proposition that the 9.15 rising rule be suspended. There was a great roar of "Aye!" from the now crowded Government benches. And from the Conservative benches . . . silence. There was a gasp from the Ministerialists. Then the secret came out. The Government Whips, suspecting that the Conservatives might spring a little surprise on the Government by producing hidden legions, while their own men were still in the trains from distant parts, had sent urgent messages, with the result that the night trains had been crowded. So the legions of the Government were at their action stations. But there was no battle.

The day's business consisted of a Bill to enable the Government to set up as builders' merchants and to provide municipal house-builders with the raw materials. Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, the Minister of Works, moved the Second Reading in a speech so sweetly reasonable and so persuasive that it seemed churlish of Mr. HENRY WILLINK, for the Conservatives, to oppose it. But he, in turn, made a speech so sweetly reasonable and persuasive that it seemed churlish of the Government to press the Bill. And so it went on, until Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, wound up the debate.

Mr. BEVAN's tornado-like speech put an end to the whole discussion, and the Second Reading was given without a division.

Then Colonel MARTIN LINDSAY, in what was generally regarded as one of the best-delivered and most eloquent of the many good speeches this Parliament has produced, raised complaint against the "rationing" system for honours and decorations in the Fighting Services. It was, he pleaded, a scandal that brave men should go undecorated and unrewarded merely because the Service in which they served had had its "ration" of decorations before their bravery was shown.

The sympathetic reply of the War

Geo TOMLINSON  
& Co, Ltd  
BUILDERS &  
CONTRACTORS



### BIG BUSINESS

"It is the Government's intention to go into business, both in the manufacture and the distribution of building materials and components, in a big way."—Mr. Tomlinson.

Minister, Mr. JACK LAWSON, was to the effect that if all the brave men in the Forces got decorations no man would be undecorated; he and the Army Council would take note of what had been said, but with the best will in the world gallantry would often go unsung, in the future as in the past.

**Tuesday, November 27th.**—Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN, Under-Secretary for Scotland, and Mr. EDWARD WILLIAMS, Minister of Information, two of the most serious and earnest men in the House, provided to-day's innocent fun. It is the custom for the Ministers waiting to answer questions to move along and leave the seat opposite the Treasury Box for the

Minister actually "in action," so that he can back into the seat without having to look round.

Mr. BUCHANAN was answering questions, backed to the supposedly reserved seat, sat down—and found himself cosily ensconced on the lap of the M. of I.

Mr. BUCHANAN leaped up—and Mr. WILLIAMS moved along. Then, still without so much as a glance behind, Mr. BUCHANAN sat down again—but in the precise place his colleague had moved to, so that they resumed their lap-sitting position. Having repeated this intricate manoeuvre several times (in silence on their part, if not on the part of the rest of the House) the two Ministers decided to look where they were going and order was resumed.

Mr. GEORGE ISAACS, the Minister of Labour, announced amid general cheering that the gas-workers of London, who had been on an unofficial strike, had resumed work. The cheers were even louder when he delicately rebuked them for ever having come out.

Then the House went on to a task after the hearts of most of us in these days of high taxation—trying to get the income tax reduced. It was the committee stage of the Finance Bill, and much eloquence was spent in fruitless efforts to get the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. HUGH DALTON, to take a little off. The sitting went on for a long time, but the Budget—as most people felt would be the case—remained unscathed and unaltered, except that radio sets for the blind are probably to be freed from purchase tax.

**Wednesday, November 28th.**—A Member was moved to urge that Ministers, in replying to questions, should use only such sets of initials "as were perspicuous to persons of ordinary information." This cry from the heart was a sequel (as the Sunday papers say) to an extraordinary outbreak of initials in questions, which reached its crisis, or climax, in one by Mr. WILLIS. This asked Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER, the First Lord of the Admiralty, "if he was aware that contrary to Art. 626 of K.R. & A.I., C.E.R.A.s are being placed in messes separate from E.R.A.s in H.M.L.S.T.s; and will he take steps to bring this practice to an end."

The First Lord gave what appeared to be a satisfactory reply, but the rest of the House was left wondering what it was all about. By the irony of fate the House went on to discuss income-tax forms, and several Members who had been responsible for the mysterious initials were inconsistent enough to make complaint about the alleged lack



"This is a most desirable little residence, but we can't guarantee a date for vacant possession."

of clarity and simplicity in those notoriously clear and simple documents.

Various suggestions were offered for the reduction of the White Taxpayer's Burden, by means of greater earned-income allowances, and so on, but Mr. DALTON had a reason against each of them, and so the Budget remained unchanged. The sitting went on for hours and hours and hours, and a lot

of Members spent their spare time trying in odd corners to work out just why C.E.R.A.s had been so shabbily treated in H.M.L.S.T.s. Perhaps we never shall know.

Thursday, November 29th.—Rather to everybody's surprise, Mr. MORRISON gave the two days demanded by the Conservatives for the discussion of their motion of censure on the Govern-

ment. This put everybody in a good humour, and a number of Members got up and made "personal explanations" and apologies to other Members about unintentional misstatements made in days gone by, and there was a lot of bowing and friendly nodding and general bonhomie. So the House moved on to discuss the Budget proposals once more. All extremely genteel.

## Topsy Turvy

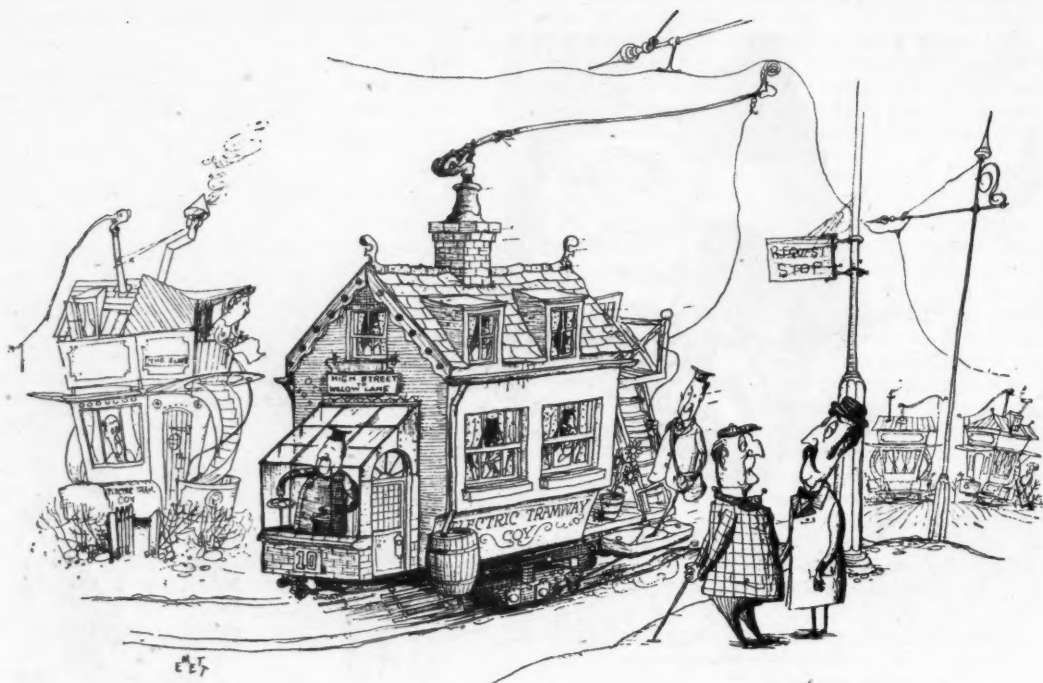
VIII

TRIX, darling, where am I, I'll give you four guesses, right in the middle of the Kiel Canal on the darkest night in the most appealing butter-boat bringing butter and eggs and bacon from the Danes to England, because my dear Haddock's been lecturing in Copenhagen, it's still not utterly manifest *why*, but concerning that you must ask the British Council and everything and when I say

lecturing he merely rises *without* notes and burbles bonhomously for *quite* hours, which I must say the Danes did seem to suffer *gladly*, but then of course they are the *completest* pets with *angels'* manners and a British sense of humour, my dear the *shaming* thing is that they contrive to *laugh* at Haddock's most *esoteric* anecdotes, and of course why on earth that *overrated* author made that *bilious* citizen Hamlet

a Dane is *quite* inexplicable, most of them talk English *far* better than the English and many of them you'd bet *six* pairs of fully-fashioned that they were *native* Brits, whereas of course Haddock and I can say *quite* nothing in their tongue except *Skaal* which is *Cheer-O* and *Tak* which is *Ta duckie*, and those of course you say *all* day, my dear Haddock has just *startlingly* refused a Schnapps at 0900, the





"... and when they're withdrawn from service they need NO conversion."

children all acquire English it seems, my dear one morning at 0400 we were woken up by small boys vociferating *Tipperary* with which odious ditty they used to madden the Germans one gathers, and my dear how they abominate the Germans well can you wonder, not only *Tipperary* they know all the island anthems, my dear at the 60th anniversary of the *English Debating Club* which was the just cause and excuse for the Haddock sortie, my dear the drill is that at the meetings not one word of Danish is uttered and when you think that for sixty years all this has been proceeding it is a little wonder-worthy and pride-producing you must admit, well my dear Haddock had brought a genial message from the Speaker and the entire company about five hundred arose and stood while he read it, too stirring, and then at the supper they sang *Auld Lang Syne* and *He's a Jolly Good*, and my dear Haddock not content with having orated for one complete hour must now be upstanding and sing his *Beveridge* song, Oh won't it be wonderful after the war, which personally I thought was rather unprovoked and even out of keeping, however my gorgeous Danes digested the ditty at once and it's now practically the new national hymn,

because my dear the next night at the Students' Union at the University where Haddock gave another *inexcusably* protracted discourse about parliaments and everything, my dear how I suffered and as a matter of fact about half-way through I rather thought the old man himself would sink into a stupor, and actually as it turned out he was sickening for a food-fever which is what all the English become a casualty to it seems after about five days of this enchanting Danish *alimentation*, well anyhow at the end of questions, which I thought were a shade shy and sparkless on the part of the Youth Movement, but then can you wonder in an alien tongue, well then a far from unmagnetic *fröken* petitions Haddock to sing his *Beveridge* which they've read about in the morning it seems, after which my dear they all sing everything from *My Bonny* is Over to *Loch Lomond*, A Tavern in a Town, *Annie Laurie* and *The Prettiest Girl* I ever Saw sat sucking Cyder through a *Straw*, the last being another quite superfluous Haddock solo, well my dear if you could have heard those young you'd have sworn it was a bunch of Brits, no accent and what spirit, quite electrical, well we wound up with *Auld Langers* and the Danish

National, and the same day Haddock had a princely lunch with a platoon of lawyers who he says discussed the most obtruse points of English law in top English, and this morning my dear while I'm watching one of the seamen burning paint with a blow-lamp what is the first thing he starts to whistle, When Irish Eyes are Smiling, so altogether as Haddock says if there is going to be a Western block or something there could not be a much better foundation than the Danes. Because my dear after all the whole Prussian filthery did begin in 1864 it seems, when Denmark was the first unlucky virgin so to speak, and my dear in the late conflict I do not think one quite recalls just how tough and unfraternal the Danes were to the septic Germans, for one thing as Haddock said in a speech *uncongenial* though bombs may be one does remember saying constantly in the blitz-days and doodle-times Well anyhow this is no great fun but how much worse to have Germans about the place, better two incendiaries on the roof than one Prussian at the front-door, and my dear I can not envisage how we could have endured to see that contagious and inflated race strutting about the Strand and swilling at the Savoy and so forth, well my dear the

Danes it seems merely *wore* the vermin away, always *too* polite one gathers when they weren't blowing up railways or their own *pet* buildings, or else making the *rudest* jokes, my dear I *adore* the bookseller who put pictures of Hitler and the *Top Wop* in his window and *in* between them the *largest* copy of *Les Misérables*, poor sweet incarcerated of *course*, and my dear *ab initio* there were *Churchill Clubs* in *half* the High Schools, and in 1940 during the *Battle of B.* *three* quarters of a million Danes it seems came out *quite* suddenly into the streets and parks and everywhere and *sang*, merely *sang*, they called it an *All-Sing*, just to *show* the cosmos, which of course the Germans thought was *too* out of place, and *how* I *ache* to have seen their *superb* King Christian horse-riding about the streets in the early morning *quite* unaccompanied, *that* is till the Huns interned him, and then of course when the Jew-nonsense began and they said that all the Jews were to wear the *Yellow Star*, the King said in this country there is *no* Jew-problem for we have never considered ourselves *inferior* to the Jews, and as for this *Star-stuff* the King and the *entire* Court will wear the *Yellow Star* *likewise*, so *that* was a flop, my dear what *can* you do with such people, well then in '43 of course they *all* blew up, King, Parliament and *Populace* they said they were *too* congested with the German race and it could transfer itself to any *appropriate* place as long as it was *quite* elsewhere, well *then* the afflicted Huns had to *invade* the Model Protectorate *again*, the police were turned out, there was sabotage and *anti-sabotage*, because wherever the Danes blew up a *factory* the Huns blew up some favourite place like a *Yacht Club* or *cinema*, my dear *too* infantile, and *by* the way you *ought* to see the *Shell* building where the obscene *Gestapo* gang resided, right in the *heart*, I mean about *Trafalgar Square*, and the *R.A.F.* came over and *quite* obliterated the lair, *three* minutes before the sirens went, and 200 of the vermin slain, *what* a job, the Danes will *never* forget it, well then there were strikes and *more* strikes, and the Huns decreed a *curfew* at 8 o'clock, my dear in *summer* time, so *what* do you think the Danes came out in the streets and lit the largest *bonfires*, well in the *end* it seems the Germans saw *three* red lights and utterly agreed to *terms*, *no* curfew and who knows *what*, so that will show you what *can* be done by a *bijou* St. George with *top-guts* and *no* sword at *all*, and as a matter of fact they say if the conflict had continued *much* they'd

have had *all* the co-operative *dairies* striking and then the poor Prussians would have had *no* *butter*.

Well here we are in this almost *invisible* steamer, the dear little *Rota*, my dear Haddock says she's *just* over 1000 tons but swift and *quite* full of bacon and butter for you and yours, the captain by the way who is the *ocean's* darling and I *rather* think is *rather* attracted, was deep in the underground stuff *throughout* the conflict, my dear *smuggling* Danes and our parachute chaps across to Norway and everything, one time he says he had 30 chaps behind the cargo with the Germans ramping about the hold, however I must close now because we're approaching the *ocean* end of the said Canal, the captain says the wind is Force 5 in the North Sea which Haddock says is *quite* enough if not more, so I propose creeping into the *bottom* bunk *forthwith*, a pity my dear because I was *eager* to tell you about the *food* at Copenhagen, the cooking in this ship by the way is a thing to *sing* about and last night we went on a *Skaaling* party round Aalborg with this *magnetic* captain, beginning my dear with sherry and port in an antique cellar, proceeding to a *unique* old tavern with schnapps and *beer*, followed by a sumptuous dinner with the celebrated Danish cherry *brandy*, fortunately there's *no* skaaling once we leave port so there *has* been a day of rest, but whether the little frame is *quite* attuned to Force 5 in the North Sea is something that remains to be *proved*, farewell, your faintly unconfident Topsy.

A. P. H.

## Sunday Letter-Bag

(Readers write to the Editor of "The Sunday Comet.")

### HEAR ALL SIDES

SIR,—Your correspondents who let their children of tender years do housework should remember that, as Wordsworth said, "the child is father of the man." Do we really want to bring up the rising generation to be fussy old maids, married Marthas, and husbands with a mania for running their fingers along ledges in search of dust?

Ealing, W. 5 Henry Maggs.

As layers of fires I back our twins, aged three, against any toddlers in the kingdom.

Sidney B. Whimble.  
234 Laburnum Crescent, Clacton

Washing-up teaches a child to

co-ordinate mind and muscle; "helping Mother" develops a spirit of service.  
Psychologist.

My husband has made our four-year-old daughter a little feather duster, a little scrubbing-brush, a baby broom, and a miniature dust-pan. They are her favourite "toys," and she is never happier than when using them.

Ilford Another Mother.

All housework done by children should be paid for, at rates fixed by collective bargaining.

Chelsea, S.W. 3 Schoolboy.

Compulsory washing-up in early infancy is a not uncommon cause of nervous disorders in later life.

Psychiatrist.

### BLACK-OUT CURTAINS

Why should not the Government buy back our black-out curtains at a fair price? After all, they made us pay for them and put them up, presumably to suit their own convenience at the time.

Malvern Sheila Rigworthy.

### NORTH AND SOUTH

In the north, brown shoelaces are plentiful, but it is almost impossible to buy black bootlaces. The position in the south seems to be exactly the opposite.

LANCASTRIAN.

### BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS

I have broken off six engagements and wonder if this is a record. One of my boy friends told me he had broken off five before he got engaged to me, but as I broke that one off it should count to me, and not to him. He is married now, though I can't say I think much of his wife. Common, if you know what I mean.

Ruby Skibbs.

"Chatsworth," Monica Avenue, S.E. 17

### SPEED UP DEMOB.

One of my former clerks, a sergeant in a holding battalion, writes that his group will not be released until January. While he peels potatoes and does fatigues for officers I, who help to foot the bill for him and millions of others, am being forced to turn away good business every day.

Employer.

Now that we have stopped firing guns at the Germans and Japanese, why can't the War Office at least demobilize the Royal Artillery?

Puzzled.

### COUNTRY RECTORS' BIG DOGS

The biggest dog I ever remember seeing at the rectory in this village was



THE READER-LISTENER—A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION

an Irish wolfhound. Oddly enough, it was owned by the smallest rector we ever had.

(Mrs.) Sarah Oldmeadow.  
*Dipsoken Parva, Suffolk*

In the happy days before rationing our last rector used to come into our shop two or three times a week with his dog, a bull mastiff. I always had a big mutton bone with plenty of meat on it put away on one side, and when I showed it to him the dog would give me a very intelligent look and wag his tail. Then he would go off with his master with the bone between his teeth. Of course, being such a large dog he had a very big mouth.

Country Butcher's Wife.  
*Sussex*

Dogs are very adaptable creatures, especially in war-time. When we moved from our big, rambling, draughty rectory into a little modern house near by, our Great Dane settled down at once in his rather confined quarters. In fact, he seems to find them cosier than his old home.

Rector.

#### SLEEPING IN TRAINS

Follow these simple rules: (1) choose a corner seat; (2) put your feet on the seat opposite; (3) do not worry.

L. R. G.

#### IS YOUR CHILD A STRING-CHEWER?

I have been warned not to let my little son chew string, and have been

told of a boy who died from swallowing some which tied itself in knots inside. I hide all the string which comes into the house, but only this morning I found Jimmy chewing a piece which I had overlooked, and he cried when I took it away.

Hendon

Anxious Mother.

∴ The Medical Correspondent writes: "Chewing clean string is not necessarily harmful; but if indulged in to excess the habit is undesirable from the psychological point of view, and 'Anxious Mother' is therefore wise in discouraging it. She may, however, take comfort from the fact that a child's oesophagus is not adapted to the swallowing of pieces of string long enough to form knots."

#### QUEUE REFORM

There would be less waiting in fish-queues if separate queues were formed for the different sorts of fish on offer—plaice, hake, herrings, turbot, for instance. Fishmongers could doubtless provide appropriate cards to be fixed to sticks and carried by the head of each queue.

Alan Goodyer.

*West Kensington*

The only way to reform queues is to abolish them altogether.

Commonsense.

#### THE KITCHEN FRONT

Patriotic housewives, in order to help win the war, gave up their aluminium kitchen utensils to build bombers. Now that the war is over and bombers are no longer needed, cannot they be broken up so that we can have our aluminium saucepans once again? It is high time the Government paid some attention to the kitchen front.

Housewife.

*Beckenham, Kent*

#### TIME IS MONEY

I calculate that before the war, buying packets of twenty at a time and allowing for the giving of change, it took me on an average thirty-four minutes to acquire one thousand cigarettes. Keeping careful count, I find that this week alone I have spent exactly two hours and forty-three minutes in buying two hundred—and even then not the brands I prefer.

S. Blatherby-Smith.

*Notting Hill, W.*

#### THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

In my opinion there is more sound sense in one *Sunday Comet* leading article than in all the highbrow novels put together.

Constant Reader.



## At the Play

## "UNDER THE COUNTER" (PHOENIX)

WHEN the Big Chiefs from the Yard look in at the Phoenix—and who will not go to see Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE?—the bar will ring with their mutual congratulations that such a dangerous woman should have her hands so full with a racket that is only make-believe; for it is, shall I say, arrestingly evident that if ever temptation overcame her she would give an all-time ebony finish to the blackest of markets. Here she is only after the smaller prey, gin and builders and legs of lamb and Cabinet Ministers, but I do not doubt that if she should take to collecting heavier goods like breakwaters or field-marshal's statues her charm and her electric innocence would be just as deadly. But the fact is, on this occasion her hands are too full. She is as brilliant as ever, but she has far too much to do, and strategically her effect is diluted because she isn't held in reserve for the big moments. Mr. HULBERT's absence is always a private grief to me, though it is perhaps not fair to bewail it; but in addition to her own work Miss COURTNEIDGE is doing a great deal, in this piece, of what would have been his.

Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE has devised some good situations and reinforced them with wit. The general trend of events is that Jo (Miss COURTNEIDGE), a leading actress with an utter incapacity for getting anything by the approved methods and a convenient habit of holding rehearsals in her drawing-room, is making use of two of her *beaux* to get a third recalled from Paris. She overdoes the wire-pulling and he is posted to Burma, but as this is musical comedy and alas! not real life, one more good pull prizes from his dormitory the Civil Servant responsible for the posting, and he is dispatched to the Far, Far East instead.

Peak points in a mixed evening are the scene in which Jo gives a lesson on a sofa to a shy young man on the moves which follow in a taxi after the driver

has been told to go three times round the park—this is beautifully done; an all-too-brief impersonation of Queen Victoria in a Jubilee procession; a disgorgement of *objets noirs* under the nose of a police inspector mistaken for a maker of wigs; and a mock Magyar ballet. Mr. HARTLEY POWER as an unashamed politician, Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND as the victim torn from the bar of the Crillon, and Mr. THORLEY WALTERS as the *ingénu* playwright, are three loyal and able aides. In the part



KEEPING THEM GUESSING.

Tim Garret . . . . . Mr. THORLEY WALTERS  
Jo Fox . . . . . Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE  
Sir Alec Dunne . . . . . Mr. HARTLEY POWER

of a Cockney dresser Miss IRENE HANDL brings down the house, and well deserves to, every time she comes on, and Miss JEANNE STUART is undeniably photogenic as a pin-up girl from Paris. The chorus foot it with all the advantage of Mr. HULBERT's production, and are well-dressed. Mr. CLIFFORD PEMBER has arranged the sets so that we see the same room from three different walls, which is a pleasant conceit. I suppose that, like everything else on the stage, it has been done before, but I cannot remember it. The best tune of a mixed bag is "The Moment I Saw You."

If I may make a suggestion, it seems wicked that Miss COURTNEIDGE and Mr. WALTERS in their silver-cleaning scene should waste their efforts on the same spoons every night. Mightn't neglected households be encouraged to leave their baskets at the stage door?

ERIC.

## "THE SACRED FLAME" (ST. MARTIN'S)

Vintage '29, this story of euthanasian murder by a mother and of the clash between the dead man's widow and his nurse is still strong and compelling. It is an experimental play in that Mr. MAUGHAM, in reaction to the clipped dialogue made popular by Mr. COWARD, was trying out a theory that ordinary people express themselves more fully than dramatists believe. So skilfully does he handle the experiment that it is not often noticeable, and then only in some of the longer speeches.

The Nurse, bitter with ingrowing passion and shattered at the end to find that the love she had thought so chaste was of the normal kind, is a fine vehicle for an actress of depth and temperament, and these qualities Miss SONIA DRESDEL possesses in no mean measure. Nurse Wayland's hatred blazes until one almost expects poor Stella to be consumed. I doubt myself if Miss DRESDEL is right in giving her such absolute malignance; she is supposed to have "little charm," but this arrogant, sneering misanthropy is something quite different. It is nevertheless a powerful and finished performance, and most moving when at last pity brings a complete breakdown. Mrs. Tabret's quiet dignity and independence are very well presented by Miss MARY HINTON, and Miss MARY MARLEW interprets Stella's character with spirit and sympathy. ERIC.

## "TATTING SHUTTLE"

SIR.—Can any of your readers tell me where a shuttle for tating may be got? It is called a tating shuttle.—VALKYRIE, Aberdeen.

Letter to "Aberdeen Press & Journal."

Not a shutting tattle, as you stupidly supposed.

## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Christmas Books for Most Ages

THERE seems to be a great shortage this year of the books described as "novels for children." These used to be known as adventure books for boys and girls and were (surely?) better than their successors, whose purpose seems to be to stimulate suspicion of most adult motives and induce angry perversity in the heroes and heroines. Mr. BERNARD MARTIN'S *Red Treasure* (HEINEMANN, 6/-) is an exception. It is a well-written exciting account of adventure in Burma, and describes the search by two white boys and a Chinaman for treasure hidden on Whitecliffe Island. The story is thrilling and plausible, and the character of the mad captain who sings songs and buries his victims with ceremony has a Stevensonian lustiness. *The House of the Paladin* (COLLINS, 8/6) begins promisingly when a schoolboy of fifteen, stranded on holiday in Flavonia, meets a distressed and dismissed English governess whose ex-charge (a child duchess) is in danger from scheming relatives. The author, Miss VIOLET NEEDHAM, has collected many ingredients of adventure—a fearless resourceful boy, a damsel in distress and several villains, but it is impossible to believe in the doctor and succeeding governess who conspire to poison the child, or in the ghastly dignity of the child herself. Now, though some of Miss NEEDHAM's adult characters are loathsome, they are Flavonians and need not be taken seriously or without salt, but the people Miss ENID BLYTON has created deserve a different judgment. In her book, *Five Go To Smuggler's Top* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 6/-), it is often hard to know which to like less—the pert children or the bickering parents and the host who threatens to poison a visiting dog. True, they are only "people in books," but these can and should set certain standards. There is quite a lot of standard-setting in Mr. MALCOLM SAVILLE'S *Trouble at Townsend* (TRANSATLANTIC ARTS, 7/6), though the children are not prigs nor the grown-ups ogres and morons. It is the story of a boy and girl who visit the country for the first time and learn how to work and behave there. It contains possible adventures and a dash of humour. Serious and romantically-minded children will love Miss HENRIETTA TAYLER's life of Charles Edward Stuart, *Bonnie Prince Charlie* (NELSON, 4/6), for it is really well and humanly written, contains many details and the facsimile of a letter written when he was seven years old—"I will be very dutiful to mamma, and not jump too near her. I shall be much obliged to the Cardinal for his animals." All the above books could be read by children of from ten years old and upwards, but the younger ones have a livelier choice. First and best is Miss MERULA SALAMAN'S *Christopher's Rainy Day Book* (PLEIADES BOOKS, 6/-), where nursery rhymes and ways are illustrated with economy of line and wealth of detail. Each of her figures has individual character and the colours are as clear and bright as a summer border after rain. *Toy Folk and Nursery People* (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6) has a less sophisticated simplicity, but the pictured golliwogs, teddy bears and other toys are as cheerful as the easy verses by Mr. LEONARD GRIBBLE that describe them. Mr. RICHARD STRACHEY'S book, *Little Reuben and the Mermaids* (TRANSATLANTIC ARTS, 7/6), may owe a hint of its plot to *Water Babies*, but the underwater life is described in a sprightly way and at the end there is a list of Christmas presents which includes boots to walk under the sea with, black mice and gloves that change colour every day. *Larry Lopear* (GROUT

PUBLISHING COMPANY, 4/6), with text and pictures by CYRIL COWELL, is small enough to go into a biggish pocket and the pictures of rabbits at home and eating out of their little porringers beside a tidy hearth suggest (and what could be better?) a Beatrix Potter influence. The story, with its account of press-ganging toads, Crow Police and an inn-keeping pig, is as simple and excellent as the pictures. Another book about rabbits is *Cornelius on Holiday* (TALBOT PRESS, 6/-), by Miss MARY FLYNN, with pictures by Miss EILEEN COGHLAN. It is entertaining, but the animals behave so exactly like humans with their fairy cycles, telegrams, skates and fancy-dress costumes that one wonders why the author did not write about children and have done with it. *Little Allies* (ALLIANCE PRESS, 7/6) is a collection of fairy- and folk-tales of fourteen nations, collected by Countess HERMYNIA ZUR MÜHLEN, who begins her book with an account of the invasion of a private home by a host of foreign children who then tell the tales of their own lands. One or two are familiar but all are worth reading. Another book which shows, in a more modern way, how children of another nation live is *The Water-Buffalo Children* (METHUEN, 7/6), by Miss PEARL BUCK, and this is perfect in a small and satisfying way. The story is quite simple but contains all the details that children love as well as the story of a mother when she was a little girl. Miss KIDDELL-MUNROE'S blue-and-sepia pictures are as good and clear as the text. B. E. B.

### "Signor"

If ever there was a painter whose career justified the tyranny of patronage, that painter was George Frederick Watts. As his latest biographer, Mr. RONALD CHAPMAN, shows, lordly encouragement built up the artist in him, although the cajolery of ladies made havoc with him as a man. *The Laurel and the Thorn* (FABER, 18/-) fuses both aspects with competence and charity, setting the figure of our would-be English Michaelangelo as four-square as such a wobbly figure can be set between his patrons, colleagues and critics and a horde of æsthetic hostesses with salons to fill and charms to be perpetuated. The men of his circle saw Watts as a portrait-painter—and he assented. The women adopted him as a *protégé*—and he concurred. Little Holland House married him off to the sixteen-year-old "nonentity" Ellen Terry; and the same coterie's dismissal of the poor little bride, Watts conniving, is the domestic climax of the painter's life. His renunciation of "fresco"—a spotty and unsuccessful fresco—is its artistic climax. He became a fine portrait-painter, permanently linked at sixty-nine to a devoted woman of five-and-thirty. This is a book whose fire goes out early; but Mr. CHAPMAN is a sound and sensitive portrayer of both fire and embers.

H. P. E.

### Jonathan Martin, Incendiary

MR. THOMAS BALSTON'S *Life of Jonathan Martin: Incendiary of York Minster* (MACMILLAN, 10/6), is interesting not only as a clear and well-arranged account of a religious maniac, but also for its picture of a sailor's life during the Napoleonic wars. Jonathan, an older brother of John Martin, whose "Belshazzar's Feast," "Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still," and other gigantesque paintings provoked Lamb to one of his finest critical essays, was pressed for the Navy in 1804, took part in the attack on Copenhagen in 1807, and tried to desert to the French in Portugal. His religious mania developed rapidly during his thirties, and when he borrowed a pistol to shoot the Bishop of Oxford, a very stout man whom at first he had been tempted to knife, he was arrested and thrown into a lunatic

asylum. There was in Jonathan something of Blake and Bunyan in their wilder moments, and one is reminded of the "Songs of Innocence" or Christian's escape from Doubting Castle when, once more a free man, he stands in a cornfield by a river singing "Sweet Rivers of Redeeming Love." After a period as an itinerant preacher, during which his hatred of the established church and his rage against clerical luxury became increasingly intense, he decided to burn down York Minster. His preparations took eight and a half hours, and the result was a fire which destroyed the oak roof of the choir, the organ, sixty-six carved stalls, the galleries and the pulpit. "What a subject for John Martin!" a lady exclaimed at the height of the conflagration, and those who rate action above art may consider Jonathan the more successful of the two brothers. H. K.

### Painters' Progress

One's outlook on painting in general—and on the work of any particular country or school—is determined by whether one regards painting as a craft or a personal exercise. Mr. WILLIAM GAUNT'S *British Painting* inclines to the former view; and in the most far-sighted of three recent volumes in the same series (AVALON PRESS, 8/- each) he regrets that English practitioners—tradesmen under the Georges, professionals under Victoria—have moved, with the rest of the art world, in a more anarchical direction. The late Mr. J. B. MANSON, dealing very perceptively with the spirit and technique of *Dutch Painting*, disagrees. He praises the bourgeois solidity of the average Dutch canvas, but regrets that he has been forced to hand over to the French volume a "pure artist" like Van Gogh; "one who uses his material for the sake of realizing his feelings." M. EMILE CAMMAERTS copes knowledgeably with the annals of *Flemish Painting*; but as he is not quite so aware of the social, a-social or anti-social implications of his theme, his book exhibits less of that challenging spirit which is the life of these *Discussions on Art*. All three volumes are generously and typically illustrated in colour and monochrome. A few of the photographs—notably Millais' "Autumn Leaves"—seem to have suffered from a somewhat unsympathetic re-touching. H. P. E.

### The Glorious History of Vic-Wells

*A Theatre for Everybody* (BOARDMAN, 12/6) is a broad survey of the work of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, by Professor EDWARD J. DENT; in spite of being an expert on the subject he writes of it amusingly and without dogma. When in 1880 Miss Cons began her great venture under the stupendous title of the Royal Victoria Coffee Music Hall her aims were limited to keeping the Lambeth locals out of the pubs and giving them a little Christian cheer, but she cleared the decks for her remarkable niece, Miss Baylis, who managed, in spite of preposterous restrictions by the Lord Chamberlain and a constant struggle with her over-draft, to build up a tradition of progressive experiment which set a new standard and laid the foundations for schools of British Ballet, British Opera and for a fresh approach to drama. The combined organization she left is now by far the brightest spot in a national theatre made deadeningly unproductive by prosperity. During the war it has done tremendous work on tour in each of its three spheres, and has discovered the possibilities of provincial audiences, particularly in the North and in Wales. Professor DENT has much that is interesting to say about its future, and indeed about the future of the whole British theatre; he makes the excellent point that if we are to have a State Theatre for drama it should be given freedom to create

new classics instead of sticking slavishly to the old ones which, as he says, still end with Sheridan. There are good photographs of Vic-Wells triumphs and some very nice sketches by Miss Kay Ambrose. E. O. D. K.

### Cambridge During the War

*Letters from Cambridge: 1939-1944* (CAPE, 10/6), were written at monthly intervals during the war by Mr. A. S. F. Gow, a Fellow of Trinity College, and sent to ex-pupils who were glad in out-of-the-way places to be kept in touch with their University. It is greatly to Mr. Gow's credit that he should have undertaken a task for which he did not feel any particular aptitude. "I have never been a willing or copious letter-writer," he says, and confesses that he did not see how the daily life of a Don "could provide monthly pabulum even for the most inquisitive." Readers of this volume may feel that his doubts were well-founded, and may question his judgment in offering these letters to a wider public than the one for which they were originally intended. Far too much space is taken up with this kind of entry, under October 2nd, 1939—"The Poles seem to me to have behaved well. No doubt there were frontier incidents and even atrocities (under great provocation), but the Government showed extraordinary forbearance throughout." On the other hand, the distinctive atmosphere of English academic life comes through in many of the entries, and has its own charm—for example: "There were already a good many (German refugees) before the war, some of them rather bores, poor dears, partly because it is their nature, and partly because they are on their beam-ends and bound to be often asking if nothing can be done for them." H. K.

### The Length of the Map

Mr. CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY, journalist, went with the armies of the Mediterranean from Africa to Sicily, and on towards Rome. Being a non-combatant, in theory he followed the forces, but being also an adventurous spirit not confined within the limits of a tank or of direct military command he just as often and sometimes quite surprisingly preceded them, and, indeed, his sole criticism of the conduct of these campaigns is that too little use was made of opportunities for skirmishing advances by light units not bound to roads and bridges. He wishes his latest volume—*Road to Rome* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 12/6)—to be regarded both as a serious military essay and as a study of the more human aspects of warfare. He does not apparently press its claim to be a chapter of autobiography, yet frankly and quite pleasantly there is much more here of Mr. BUCKLEY and his reactions, his odd harkings back and his twinges of old memories, his tags of verse and his momentary personification of Shakespearean characters, than there is of disquisition on the strategy of the allied commanders or of the tactics developed in any individual battle except one—the grim affair at Cassino. He is at his best in the occasional patches where humour and humanity come face to face with the nastiness of war and triumph over it. His picture of an Italian living-room as it appeared for half an hour while Ortona was being fought for house by house is one of not a few masterpieces in miniature. The writer, dodging bullets, had plunged through a doorway and down a couple of steps for shelter to find there half a dozen Canadian soldiers established and with them a roomful of children. Every time a gun went off the children clutched at the soldiers for comfort and soon each one of them, himself included, had a frightened shrinking child snuggled in his arms. There is real power in these passages. C. C. P.



## A Home from the Wars

ACCORDING to what I heard, the party that took my house was supposed to be a milkman, yet when I got back from overseas he opened the door as a sergeant.

"Hah, corporal," he said. "What's your trouble?"

"I don't know about corporal," I said. "I'm the landlord."

"Well, I'll go to Mersa Matruh!" he said. "Marge! Bring down that lump of dry rot. The landlord's here."

"Who's been chalking on the roof?" I said.

"This place is in a state," he said. He kicked a piece off the door.

"See that?" he said. "Eaten away."

"Hold hard," I said. "I've got to live in the place."

A woman came out and shoved part of a plank at me. "How'd you like that under your bed?" she said.

"That's not the point," I said. "I'm living in half a Portal and it's not good enough."

"Ern doesn't complain," she said. "And he's a sergeant."

"Who cares about that?" I said.

"The very idea!" she said.

"Ern, chum, is me, chum," he said.

"Well, all right," I said.

"And I don't like it, savvy?" he said.

"Now, look here," I said. "Don't let's get in an argument. All I want is my house back."

"I like that," she said. "And turn us out in the snow, I suppose."

"Snow?" I said.

A boy came honking and tearing the hall up on roller skates. "Mum," he said. "The stove's broke."

"I felt this," said Marge.

"Can't be," I said. "A stove's made of cast iron."

"There's always three things," said Marge, and went off glaring as though I'd done it.

"There it is, chum," said Ern.

"As man to man," I said. "All I'm after is vacant possession."

"Can't be done, chum," said Ern.

He had a brother on the council who knew the ins and outs of everything, and that proved I hadn't an earthly.

"In fact, chum, you might get into trouble for trying it on," he said.

"But I'm nearly demobbed," I said.

"So am I," he said.

"And I've got children and that," I said.

"So have I," he said.

"Not to speak of relations," I said.

"You should see my relations," said Ern.

"If you keep saying the same thing," I said.

"It's up to you, chum," he said.

"You Ern," shouted Marge.

"Hang on, chum," he said.

"What's the use?" I said. "You might as well hear from my solicitors."

Well, I took it up with some solicitors and they made out I had a clear case. But they didn't know Ern and his brother on the council. When it came to the judge, everything I had Ern had.

I had a child but Ern's had doctors' certificates. He had a wife just off munitions and a mother-in-law that had to live on gravel. Even his dog collected for the hospitals. Whatever I mentioned he had the same, only better.



"I say—I've just discovered I've been measuring my bath water in centimetres all these years."

"It's amazing," said the judge. "There's only one thing. Like as you are you'll have to share the house."

There was no use arguing.

"The thing to do is to look for something," I said when we got outside.

"That's what I'd advise, chum," he said.

Even so, he did nothing unless forced by postcards. In a month he'd only half emptied the boxroom, so when I was demobbed I set off to see about things.

His boy was digging mud about.

"Dad," he shouted. "The landlord's got his civvies on."

Ern came out with a hammer.

He'd got civvies on as well. I could hardly believe it. From head to foot they were exactly the same as mine.

"Where did you get that shirt?" I said.

"I've been demobbed, chum," he said. "The same as you have."

"But these are all I've got," I said.

"Me too, chum," he said.

"We can't go on like this," I said.

"Wait till you see your ceiling," he said.

"And that check," I said. "It's the last straw."

"Come up and I'll turn the water on," he said.

The bath was half full of ceiling.

"Climb up," he said. "It's a knock-down from there. Hold on till I get down the cellar."

I was on the bath waiting when that woman Marge started bleating about. The next thing she had come in and got hold of me by the trousers.

"Shh!" I said.

She had nearly no clothes on.

"Don't shush me, young Ern," she said, and tried to pull me off the bath.

"Get back," I said. "Can't you see I'm the landlord?"

"Ern," she shouted. "Oh, Ern," and ran off trying to cover herself with newspaper.

Ern came running up the stairs.

"See what I mean, chum?" he said. "It's like that whenever I turn the main on."

"I don't care what it's like," I said.

"We must have water, chum," he said.

"You can count me out," I said. "I'm going back to the Portal."

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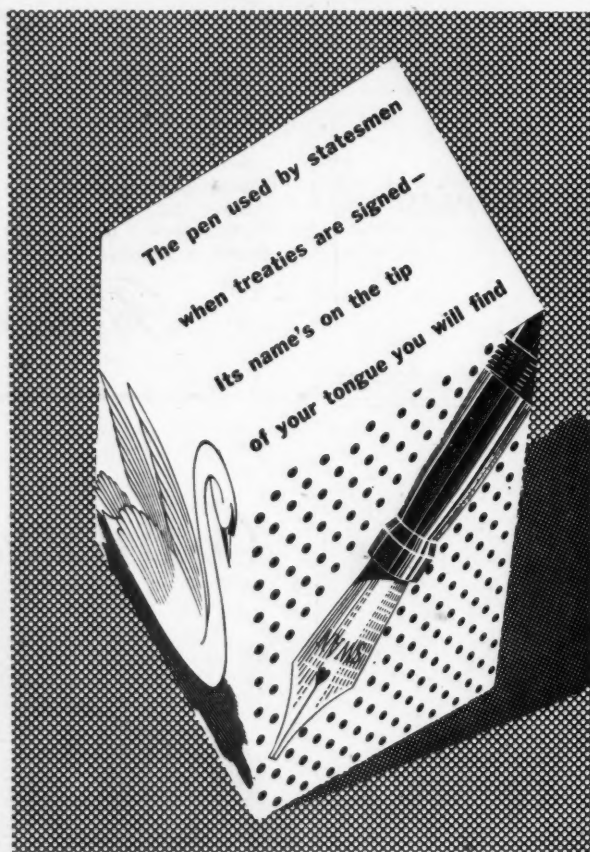
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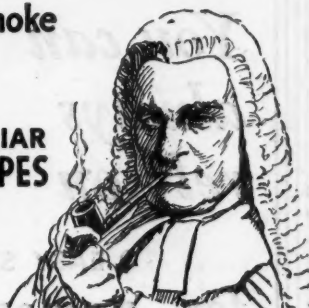
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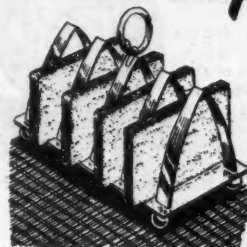
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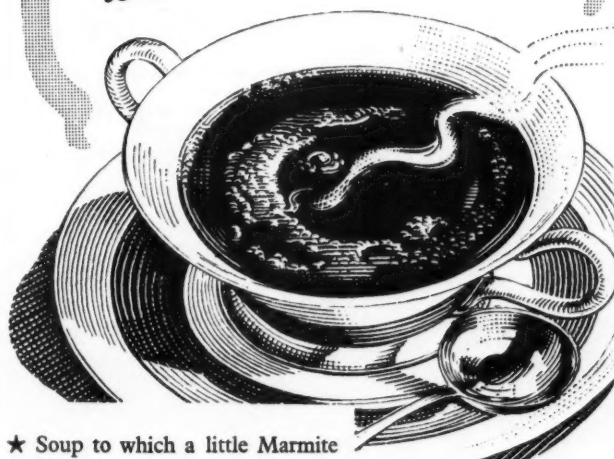
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